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Dedicated, by Permiſſion, to
ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PROLEGOMENA
To BELL's Edition of
HAKSPERE's WORKS,
CONTAINING

ıſion of Ancient Tranſlations from Claſſick Authors.
dix to Mr. COLMAN's Tranſlation of Terence.
from the Rev Dr. FARMER's Eſſay on the Learning of
KSPERE.
OWE's Life of SHAKSPERE.
tes of SHAKSPERE.
Regiſter of SHAKSPERE's Family.
ental Inſcriptions in the Church of *Stratford upon Avon.*
s of SHAKSPERE.
PERE's Arms and Will.
dication of the Players.
ndatory Verſes on SHAKSPERE.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

KSPERE's MONUMENT in *Stratford-Church.*
KSPERE's MONUMENT in *Weſtminſter-Abbey.*

D: Sold by the Proprietor, BRITISH-LIBRARY, Strand.

To the PUBLIC.

THIS Work is intended to ſupercede the neceſſity for any other Edition whatever, as it will be calculated to gratify every claſs of Readers.

The Plan is to print each Play, *ſingly*, and *entire*, from the laſt reviſions of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and GEORGE STEEVENS, Eſq. &c. with *their Characters* of the Play, and *the Origin of the Fable*, as an introductory Preface to each Play.

The Plays to be printed by Meſſ. FRY and COUCHMAN, *on two ſorts of paper*; the beſt of which will be *ſuperfine writing-poſt quality*, on a new *Bourgeois* Letter, caſt and *delicately dreſſed* on Purpoſe.

The Firſt Number is The TEMPEST, beautifully embelliſhed.
The Second Number is MEASURE for MEASURE, ditto.
The Third Number is MACBETH, ditto.
The Fourth Number is MUCHADO ABOUT NOTHING, ditto.
The Fifth Number is HAMLET, beautifully embelliſhed.
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The Eighth Number is the MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR, ditto.
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The Tenth Number is MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM, ditto.
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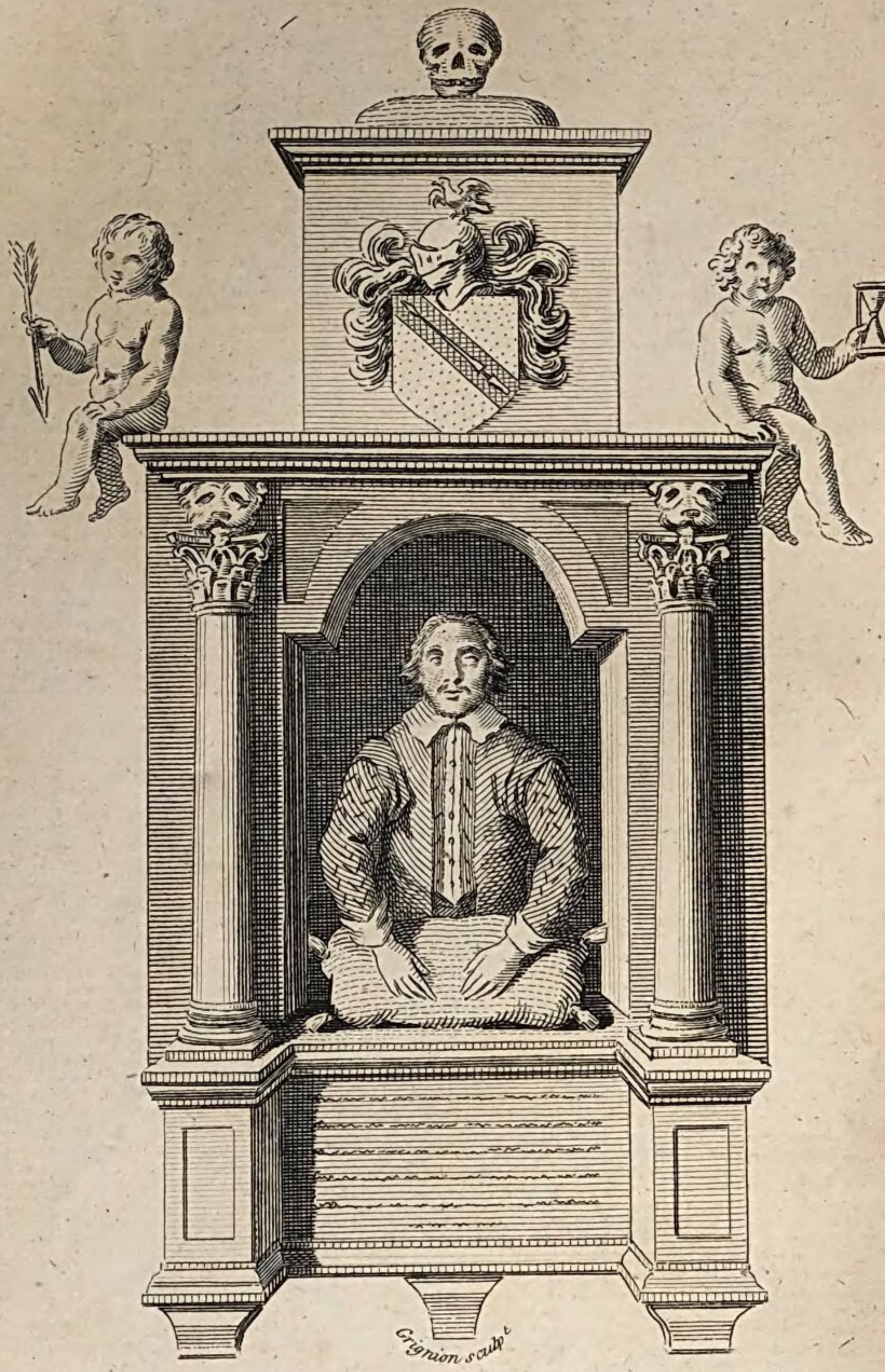
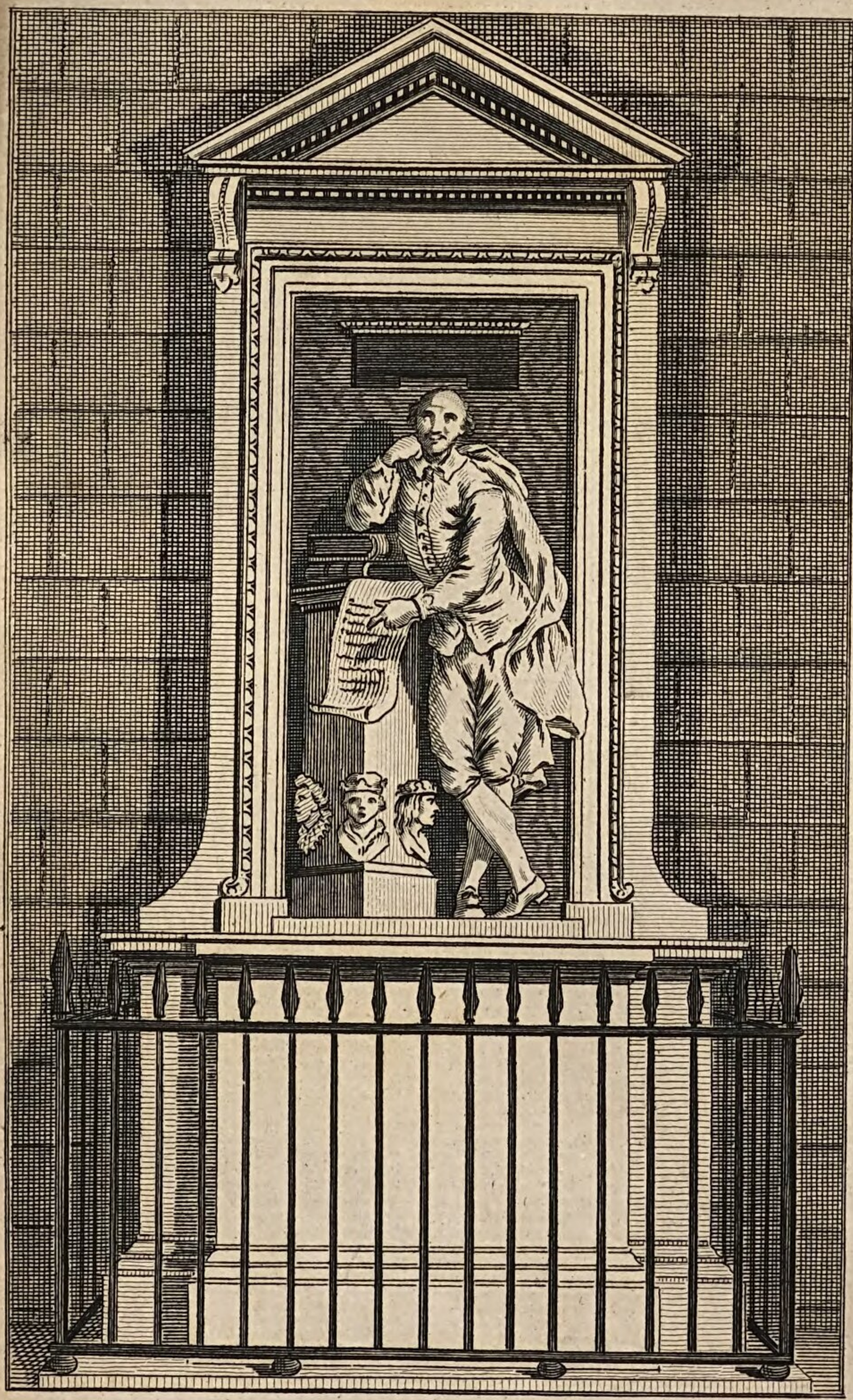
The Twelfth Number is TWELFTH-NIGHT, ditto.
The Thirteenth Number is LOVE's LABOUR's LOST, ditto.
The Fourteenth Number is TIMON of ATHENS, ditto.
The Fifteenth Number is TROILUS and CRESSIDA, ditto.
The Sixteenth Number is AS YOU LIKE IT, ditto.
The Seventeenth Number is OTHELLO, ditto.
The Eighteenth Number is the COMEDY of ERRORS, ditto.
The Nineteenth Number is KING HENRY V. ditto.
The Twentieth Number is KING LEAR, ditto.
The Twenty-Firſt Number is KING HENRY IV. Part I. ditto.
The Twenty-Second Number is KING HENRY IV. Part II. ditto
The Twenty-Third Numb. is the TAMING OF THE SHREW, do
The Twenty-Fourth Number is CYMBELINE, ditto.
Twenty-Fifth Number is ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL, do
The Twenty-Sixth Number is KING HENRY VI. Part. I. ditto.
The Twenty-Seventh Number is KING HENRY VI. Part II. do.
The Twenty-Eighth Number is KING HENRY VI. Part III. do.
The Twenty-Ninth Number is KING RICHARD III. ditto.
The Thirtieth Number is KING JOHN, ditto.
The Thirty-Firſt Number is KING HENRY VIII. ditto.
The Thirty-Second Number is KING RICHARD II. ditto.
The Thirty-Third Number is the WINTER's TALE, ditto.
Thirty-Fourth Number is TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA, do.
The Thirty-Fifth Number is CORIOLANUS, ditto.
The Thirty-Sixth Number is ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, do



Shakspere's Monument in the Church at Stratford upon Avon

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Decem.r 1.st 1786.



Shakspeares Monument in Westminster Abbey

London. Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand Jan.y 12.1787.

Floures for Latin speaking, gathered oute of Terence, by G. NIC. UDALL —— 1560

SENECA.

Seneca his Tenne Tragedies *, translated into Englysh by different Translators, 4to. London 1581

Seneca's Forme and Rule of Honest Living, by ROBERT WHYTTINGTON, 8vo. — 1546

Seven Bookes of Benefyting †, by ARTHUR GOLDING, 4to. —— —— 1577

LIVY.

Livius (Titus ‡*) and other Authores Historie of Annibal and Scipio,* translated into English, by ANTHONY COPE, Esquier, B. L. 4to. London 1545

* In the first volume of the entries of the Stationers-Company, Aug. 1579, Rich. Jones and John Charlewood, entered the 4th tragedie of Seneca. And again all the ten in 1581.

† In the first volume of the entries in the books of the Stationers-Company is the following, "March 26, 1579, *Seneca de Beneficiis,* in Englyshe."

‡ In the first volume of the entries in the books of the Stationers-Company, anno 1597, is the following note, "Memorandum, that Mr. Alexander Nevill, Gent. is appointed to translate *Titus Livius* into the Englyshe tongue: expressed, the same is not to be printed, by anie man, but only such as shall have his translacion." Again, in 1598, "The history of Titus Livius" was entered by Adam Islip.

The Romane History, &c. by T. Livius of Padua. Also *The Breviaries of L. Florus,* &c. by Dr. PHILEMON HOLLAND, fol. London —— 1600

TACITUS.

The End of Nero and Beginning of Galba. Fower Bookes of the Histories of Cornelius Tacitus. The Life of Agricola, by Sir HENRY SAVILLE, 4to. Lond. 1591

Annales of Tacitus, by RICHARD GRENAWAY, fol. 1598

SALLUST*.

The Famous Cronycle of the Warre, which the Romyns had against Jugurth, &c. compyled in Latin by the renowned Romayn Sallust, &c. translated into Englyshe, by Sir ALEX. BARCLAY PREEST, &c. Printed by Pynson, fol.

Ditto.

London, printed by Joh. Waley, 4to. 1557

The Conspiracie of Lucius Cataline, translated into Eng. by THO. PAYNELL, 4to. Lond. 1541 and 1557

The two most worthy and notable Histories, &c. Both written by C. C. Sallustius, and translated by THO. HEYWOOD, Lond. sm. fol. 1608

* A translation of Sallust was entered at Stationers-Hall in 1588. Again, in 1607, "The historie of Sallust in Englishe."

SUETONIUS.

SUETONIUS.

Suetonius, translated by Dr. PHIL. HOLLAND, fol.
London —— —— 1606 *

CÆSAR†.

Cæsar's Commentaries, as touching British Affairs. Without name, printer, place, or date; but by the type it appears to be Rastell's.

Ames, p. 148.

The eight Bookes of Caius Julius Cæsar, translated by ARTHUR GOLDING, Gent. 4to. London 1565 and 1590

Cæsar's Commentaries (de Bello Gallico) five Bookes, by CLEMENT EDMUNDES, with Observations, &c. Fol. —— —— 1600

De Bello Civili, by ditto, three Bookes, fol. 1609

Ditto, by CHAPMAN —— 1604

JUSTIN.

The History of Justine, &c. by A. G. [ARTHUR GOLDING] London. 4to. 1564 and 1578

Ditto, by Dr. PHIL. HOLLAND —— 1606

* This translation was entered at Stationers-Hall, 1604.

† In the entries made in the books of the Stationers-Company is the following:

"*John Charlewood.*] Sept. 1581, Abstracte of the historie of Cesar and Pompeius."

Ditto, by G. W. with an Epitomie of the Lives, &c. of the Romaine Emperors, from Aurelius Victor, fol. —— —— 1606

Q. CURTIUS.

The Historie of Quintus Curtius, &c. translated, &c. by JOHN BRENDE, 4to. London —— 1553
Other Editions were in — 1561, 1584, 1570, 1592*

EUTROPIUS.

Eutropius englished, by NIC. HAWARD, 8vo. 1564

A. MARCELLINUS.

Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Dr. P. HOLLAND, London. fol. —— 1609

CICERO.

Cicero's Familiar Epistles, by J. WEBBE, sm. 8vo. *no date*

Certain select Epistles into English, by ABRA. FLEMMING, 4to. London —— 1576

Those Fyve Questions which Marke Tullye Cicero disputed in his Manor of Tusculanum, &c. &c. Englyshed by JOHN DOLMAN, sm. 8vo. London 1561

* In the Stationers' books, this or some other translation of the same author was entered by Richard Tottell, Feb. 1582, and again by Tho. Creede, &c. 1599.

Marcus

* *Marcus Tullius Cicero, three Bookes of Duties,* tourned out of Latin into English by NIC. GRIMALDE 1555, 1556, 1558, 1574

Ames says 1553 ; *perhaps by mistake.*

The thre Bokes of Tullius Offyce, &c. translated, &c. by R. WHYTTINGTON, Poet Laureat, 12mo. Lond. 1533, 1534, 1540, and 1553 †

The Boke of Tulle of Old Age, translated by W. WYRCESTRE, alias BOTANER. Caxton, 4to. 1481

De Senectute, by WHYTTINGTON, 8vo. *no date*

An Epistle or Letter of Exhortation, written in Latine by Marcus Tullius Cicero, to his Brother Quintus, the Proconsul, or Deputy of Asia, wherein the Office of a Magistrate is cunningly and wisely described, translated into Englyshe by G. G. set forth and authorised according to the Queene's Majesties Injunctions. Prynted at London, by Rouland Hall, dwelling in Golding-Lane, at the sygne of the three arrowes, 12mo. 1561

* Maittaire says (Ann. Typog. B. 5. 290.) " In floruléntâ tituli margunculâ (vulgo vignette) superiore, inscribitur 1534. This was a wooden block used by the Printer Tottel, for many Books in small 8vo. and by no means determines their Date. There may, however, have been some earlier translation than any here enumerated, as in Sir Tho. Elyot's *Boke named the Governour*, 1537, is mentioned " the worke of Cicero, called in Latine *De Officiis*, whereunto yet is no *propre* English word, &c."

† In the books belonging to Stationers-Hall, " Tullie's Offices in Latin and English," is entered Feb. 1582, for R. Tottell. Again, by Tho. Orwin, 1591.

** *The worthie Booke of Old Age*, otherwise intitled *The Elder Cato*, &c. 12mo. London 1569

** *Tullius Cicero on Old Age*, by THO. NEWTON, 8vo. London —— —— 1569

Tullie's Friendship, Olde Age, Paradoxe, and Scipio's Dream, by THO. NEWTON, 4to. 1577

Tullius de Amicitia, translated into our maternal Englishe Tongue, by the E. of WORCESTER. Printed by Caxton, with the Translation of *De Senectute*, fol.

The Paradoxe of M. T. Cicero, &c. by ROB. WHYTTINGTON, Poet-Laureat. Printed in Southwarke, 12mo. —— —— 1540

Webbe translated all the sixteen Books of Cicero's Epistles; but probably they were not printed together in Shakspere's lifetime. I suppose this from a passage in his Dedication, in which he seems to mean Bacon, *by a great* Lord Chancellor.

BOETHIUS.

Boethius, by CHAUCER. Printed by Caxton, fol.

Boethius in English Verse, by THO. RYCHARD. Imprinted in the exempt Monastery of Tavistock, 4to. 1525

English and Latin, by GEO. COLVILLE, 4to. 1556 *

** These are perhaps the same.

* In the Stationers' books, Jan. 13th, 1608, Matthew Lownes entered "Anitius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boethius, a Christian Consul of Rome, newly translated out of Latin, together with original notes explaining the obscurest places."

APULEIUS.

APULEIUS.

Apuleius's Golden Asse, translated into English, by W. ADLINGTON, 4to. London 1566 and 1571 *

FRONTINUS.

Stratagemes, Sleightes, and Policies of Warre, gathered by S. Julius Frontinus. Translated by RICHARD MORISINE, 8vo. Printed by Tho. Berthelet 1539

PLINY JUNr.

Some select Epistles of Pliny the Younger, into English by ABR. FLEMMING, 4to. London 1576

POMPONIUS MELA.

Pomponius Mela, by A. GOLDING, 4to. 1590

PLINY.

Pliny's Nat. Hist. by Dr. PHIL. HOLLAND, folt. 1601

* There is an entry of this translation in the books at Stationers-Hall in 1595. Valentine Simes is the name of the Printer who entered it. It is again entered by Clement Knight in 1600.

† On the books of the Stationers-Company is this entry. "Adam Islip, 1600. The xxxvii. bookes of C. Plinius Secundus his historie of the worlde. To be translated out of Latin into Englyshe, and so printed."

SOLINUS.

SOLINUS.

Julius Solinus Polyhistor, by A. GOLDING, 4to. 1587

VEGETIUS.

The four Bookes of Flavius Vegetius, concerning martial Policye, by JOHN SADLER, 4to. 1572

RUTILIUS RUFUS.

A View of Valiaunce, translated from Rutilius Rufus, by THO. NEWTON, 8vo. —— 1580

DARES Phryg. and DICTYS Cret.

Dares and Dictys's Trojan War, in verse. 1555

CATO and P. SYRUS.

*Caton**, translated into Englyshe by Master BENET BURGH, &c. mentioned by Caxton.

Cathon [*Parvus et Magnus*] translated, &c. by CAXTON —— —— 1483†

* Probably this was never printed.

† There is an entry of *Caton* at Stationers-Hall in 1591, by —— Adams, English and Latin. Again in the year 1591, by Thomas Orwin. Again in 1605, "Four bookes of morall sentences entituled Cato, translated out of Latin into English, by J. M. Master of Arts."

Preceptes

Préceptes of Cato, with Annotations of Erasmus, &c. 24mo. London —— 1560 and 1562

Ames mentions a Discourse of Human Nature, translated from Hippocrates, p. 428; *an Extract from Pliny, translated from the French, p.* 312; *Æsop*, &c. by Caxton and others; and there is no doubt, but many Translations, at present unknown, may be gradually recovered, either by Industry or Accident.*

* "Æsop's Fables in Englishe" were entered May 7th, 1590, on the books of the Stationers-Company. Again, Oct. 1591. Again, Esop's Fables in Meter, Nov. 1598. Some few of them had been paraphrased by Lydgate, and I believe are still unpublished. See the Brit. Mus. MSS. Harl. 2251.

It is much to be lamented that *Andrew Maunsell*, a bookseller in Lothbury, who published two parts of a catalogue of English printed books, fol. 1595, did not proceed to his third collection. This, according to his own account of it, would have consisted of "Grammar, Logick, and Rhetoricke, Lawe, Historie, Poetrie, Policie, &c." which, as he tells us, "for the most part concerne matters of delight and pleasure."

STEEVENS.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

TO

Mr. COLMAN's
TRANSLATION OF TERENCE,
OCTAVO EDITION.

THE reverend and ingenious Mr. Farmer, in his curious and entertaining *Essay on the Learning of Shakspere*, having done me the honour to animadvert on some passages in the preface to this translation, I cannot dismiss this edition without declaring how far I coincide with that gentleman; although what I then threw out carelessly on the subject of his pamphlet was merely incidental, nor did I mean to enter the lists as a champion to defend either side of the question.

It is most true, as Mr. Farmer takes for granted, that I had never met with the old comedy called *The Supposes*, nor has it ever yet fallen into my hands; yet I am willing to grant, on Mr. Farmer's authority, that Shakspere borrowed part of the plot of The Taming of the Shrew, from that old translation of Ariosto's

Ariosto's play, by George Gascoign, and had no obligations to Plautus. I will accede also to the truth of Dr. Johnson's and Mr. Farmer's observation, that the line from Terence, exactly as it stands in Shakspere, is extant in Lilly and Udall's *Floures for Latin Speaking*. Still, however, Shakspere's total ignorance of the learned languages remains to be proved; for it must be granted, that such books are put into the hands of those who are learning those languages, in which class we must necessarily rank Shakspere, or he could not even have quoted Terence from Udall or Lilly; nor is it likely, that so rapid a genius should not have made some further progress. "Our "author (says Dr. Johnson, as quoted by Mr. Far-"mer) had this line from Lilly; which I mention, "that it may not be brought as an argument of his "learning." It is, however, an argument that he read Lilly; and a few pages further it seems pretty certain, that the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* had at least read Ovid; from whose Epistle we find these lines.

Hàc ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

And what does Dr. Johnson say on this occasion? Nothing. And what does Mr. Farmer say on this occasion? Nothing.

In Love's Labour Lost, which, bad as it is, is ascribed by Dr. Johnson himself to Shakspere, there occurs

occurs the word *thrasonical*; another argument which seems to shew that he was not unacquainted with the comedies of Terence; not to mention, that the character of the School-Master in the same play could not possibly be written by a man who had travelled no further in Latin than *hic, hæc, hoc*.

In Henry the Sixth we meet with a quotation from Virgil,

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

But this, it seems, proves nothing, any more than the lines from Terence and Ovid, in the Taming of the Shrew; for Mr. Farmer looks on Shakspere's property in the comedy to be extremely disputable; and he has no doubt but Henry the Sixth had the same author with Edward the Third, which had been recovered to the world in Mr. Capell's Prolusions.

If any play in the collection bears internal evidence of Shakspere's hand, we may fairly give him *Timon of Athens*. In this play we have a similar quotation from Horace.

Ira furor brevis est.

I will not maintain but this hemistich may be found in Lilly or Udall; or that it is not in the *Palace of Pleasure*, or the *English Plutarch*; or that it was not originally foisted in by the players: it stands, however, in the play of *Timon of Athens*.

The

The world in general, and those who purpose to comment on Shakspere in particular, will owe much to Mr. Farmer, whose researches into our old authors throw a lustre on many passages, the obscurity of which must else have been impenetrable. No future Upton or Gildon will go further than North's translation for Shakspere's acquaintance with Plutarch, or balance between Dare's Phrygius, and *the Troy booke of Lydgate*. *The historie of Hamblet*, in *black letter*, will for ever supersede Saxo-Grammaticus; translated novels and ballads will, perhaps, be allowed the sources of Romeo, Lear, and the Merchant of Venice; and Shakspere himself, however unlike Bayes in other particulars, will stand convicted of having *transversed* the prose of Holingshed; and, at the same time, to prove "that his *studies* lay in his own language," the translations of Ovid are determined to be the production of Heywood.

"That his *studies* were most demonstratively con-
"fined to *nature*, and his *own language*," I readily allow; but does it hence follow that he was so deplorably ignorant of every other tongue, living or dead; that he only "remembered, perhaps, enough of his
"*school-boy* learning to put the *hig*, *hag*, *hog*, into the
"mouth of Sir H. Evans; and might pick up in the
"writers of the time, or the course of his conversa-
"tion, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian?"
In Shakspere's plays both these last languages are plentifully scattered; but then, we are told, they might be impertinent additions of the players. Un-

 doubtedly

doubtedly they might: but there they are, and, perhaps, few of the players had much more learning than Shakspere.

Mr. Farmer himself will allow, that Shakspere began to learn Latin: I will allow that his *studies* lay in English: but why insist that he neither made any progress at school, nor improved his acquisitions there? The general encomiums of Suckling, Denham, Milton, &c. on his *native genius**, prove nothing; and Ben Jonson's celebrated charge of Shakspere's

* Mr. Farmer closes these general testimonies of Shakspere's having been only indebted to nature, by saying, "He came out of her hand, *as some one else expresses it*, "like Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and ma- "ture." It is whimsical enough, that this *some one else*, whose expression is here quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakspere's want of literature, should be no other than myself. Mr. Farmer does not choose to mention where he met with the expression of *some one else*; and *some one else* does not choose to mention where he dropt it †.

† *It will appear still more whimsical that this* some one else, *whose expression is here quoted, may have his claim to it superseded by that of the late Dr. Young, who in his* Conjectures on Original Composition *(p.* 100, *Vol. V. Edit.* 1773*) has the following sentence.* "*An adult genius comes out of Na-* "*ture's hands, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth,* "*and mature. Shakspere's genius was of this kind.*" *Where* some one else *the* first *may have intermediately dropped the contested expression, I cannot ascertain; but* some one else *the second, transcribed it from the author already mentioned.*

ANON.

small

small Latin, and less Greek *, seems absolutely to decide that he had *some* knowledge of both; and if we may judge by our own time, a man, who has any Greek, is seldom without a very competent share of Latin; and yet such a man is very likely to study Plutarch in English, and to read translations of Ovid.

See Dr. Farmer's reply to these remarks by Mr. Colman, in a note on LOVE'S LABOUR LOST, *Act IV. Sc. ii. p.* 456.

* In defence of the various reading of this passage, given in the preface to the last edition of Shakspere, "small "Latin, and *no* Greek," Mr. Farmer tells us, that "it "was adopted above a century ago by W. Towers, in a "panegyrick on Cartwright." Surely, Towers having said that Cartwright had *no* Greek, is no proof that Ben Jonson said so of Shakspere. STEEVENS.

EXTRACT

FROM

THE REV. DR. FARMER'S ESSAY

ON THE

LEARNING of SHAKSPERE.

IN 1751, was reprinted "A compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints of diuers of our Countrymen in these our days: which although they are in some parte unjust and friuolous, yet are they all by way of dialogue thoroughly debated and discussed by *William Shakspere*, Gentleman." 8vo.

This extraordinary piece was originally published in 4to, 1581, and dedicated by the author, "To the most vertuous and learned Lady, his most deare and soveraigne Princesse, *Elizabeth*; being inforced by her majesties late and singular clemency in pardoning certayne his unduetiful misdemeanour." And by the modern editors, to the late king; as "a treatise composed by the most extensive and fertile genius, that ever any age or nation produced."

Here we join issue with the writers of that excellent, though very unequal work, the *Biographia Britannica:*

tannica: if, say they, this piece could be written by our poet, it would be absolutely decisive in the dispute about his learning; for many quotations appear in it from the Greek and Latin classicks.

The concurring circumstances of the *name*, and the *misdemeanor*, which is supposed to be the old story of *deer-stealing*, seem fairly to challenge our poet for the author: but they hesitate.—His claim may appear to be confuted by the date 1581, when *Shakspere* was only *seventeen*, and the *long* experience which the writer talks of.—But I will not keep the reader in suspense: the book was *not* written by *Shakspeae*.

Strype, in his *Annals*, calls the author SOME *learned man*, and this gave me the first suspicion. I knew very well, that honest *John* (to use the language of Sir *Thomas Bodley*) did not waste his time with such *baggage books* as *plays* and *poems*; yet I must suppose, that he had *heard* of the name of *Shakspere*. After a while I met with the original edition. Here in the title-page, and at the end of the dedication, appear only the initials, W. S. gent. and presently I was informed by *Anthony Wood*, that the book in question was written, not by *William Shakspere*, but by *William Stafford*, gentleman *; which at once accounted for the *misdemeanor* in the dedication. For *Stafford* had

* *Fasti*, 2d Edit. V. I. 208.—It will be seen on turning to the former edition, that the latter part of the paragraph belongs to another *Stafford*.—I have since observed, that *Wood* is not the first who hath given us the true author of the pamphlet.

been concerned at that time, and was indeed afterward, as *Camden* and the other annalists inform us, with some of the conspirators against *Elizabeth*; which he properly calls his *unduetiful* behaviour.

I hope by this time, that any one open to conviction may be nearly satisfied; and I will promise to give on this head very little more trouble.

The justly celebrated Mr. Warton hath favoured us, in his *Life of Dr. Bathurst*, with some *hearsay* particulars concerning Shakspere from the papers of Aubrey, which had been in the hands of Wood; and I ought not to suppress them, as the *last* seems to make against my doctrine. They came originally, I find, on consulting the MS. from one Mr. Beeston: and I am sure Mr. Warton, whom I have the honour to call my friend, and an associate in the question, will be in no pain about their credit.

"William Shakspere's father was a butcher—while he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but, when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. This William being inclined *naturally* to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about *eighteen*, and was an actor in one of the play-houses, and did act *exceedingly well*. He began *early* to make essays in dramatique poetry.—The humour of the *Constable* in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* he happened to take at Crendon * in Bucks. I think,

* This place is not met with in *Spelman's Villare*, or in *Adams's Index*; nor in the *first* and the *last* performance of this

I think, I have been told, that he left near three hundred pounds to a *sister*. *He understood Latin pretty well*, FOR *he had been in his younger years a School-Master in the country*."

I will be short in my animadversions; and take them in their order.

The account of the *trade* of the family is not only contrary to all other tradition, but, as it may seem, to the instrument from the Herald's office, so frequently reprinted. Shakspere most certainly went to London, and commenced actor through necessity, not natural inclination.—Nor have we any reason to suppose, that he did act *exceedingly well*. Rowe tells us, from the information of Betterton, who was inquisitive into this point, and had very early opportunities of inquiry from Sir W. Davenant, that he was no *extraordinary actor*; and that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'œuvre* did not please: I will give you an original stroke at it. Dr. Lodge, who was for ever pestering the town with pamphlets, published in the year 1596, *Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse, discovering the Devils incarnat of this Age*, 4to. One of these devils is *Hate-virtue*, or *Sorrow for another man's good successe*, who, says the doctor, is "*a foule lubber*, and looks as

this sort, *Speed's Tables*, and *Whatley's Gazetteer*: perhaps, however, it may be meant under the name of *Crandon*; but the inquiry is of no importance.—It should, I think, be written *Credendon*; though better antiquaries than *Aubrey* have acquiesced in the vulgar corruption.

pale as the vizard of the *Ghost*, which cried so miserably at the theatre, like an oister-wife, *Hamlet revenge* *." Thus you see Mr. Holt's supposed *proof*, in the appendix to the late edition, that *Hamlet* was written after 1597, or perhaps 1602, will by no means hold good; whatever might be the case of the particular passage on which it is founded.

* To this observation of Dr. Farmer it may be added, that the play of *Hamlet* was better known by this scene, than by any other. In *Decker's Satiromastix* the following passage occurs:

Asinius.

"Would I were hang'd, if I can tell you any names but captain and *Tucca*."

Tucca.

"No, fye; my name's *Hamlet Revenge*: thou hast been at Paris-Garden, hast thou not?"

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607.

"Let these husbands play *mad Hamlet, and cry revenge!*"

STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer's observation may be further confirmed by the following passage in an anonymous play, called *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599. We also learn from it the usual dress of the stage ghosts of that time.

"——— A filthie whining ghost
"Lapt in some foule sheet, or a *leathern pilch*,
"Comes screaming like a pigge half stickt,
"And cries *vindicta—revenge, revenge.*"

The leathern pilch, I suppose, was a theatrical substitute for armour. MALONE.

Nor does it appear, that Shakspere did begin *early* to make *essays in dramatique poetry*: the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, which hath so often been ascribed to him on the credit of Kirkman and Winstanley *, was written by George Peele; and Shakspere is not met with, even as an *assistant*, till at least seven years afterward †.—Nash, in his epistle to the gentlemen students of both universities, prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, 4to. *black letter*, recommends his friend, Peele, "as the chiefe supporter of pleasance now living, the *Atlas* of poetrie, and *primus verborum artifex*: whose first increase, the *Arraignment of Paris*, might plead to their opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit and manifold varietie of invention ‡."

In

* These people, who were the *Curlls* of the last age, ascribe likewise to our author those miserable performances, *Mucedorus*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

† Mr. Pope asserts "The troublesome Raigne of King *John*," in two parts, 1611, to have been written by Shakspere and Rowley: which edition is a mere copy of another in *black letter*, 1591. But I find his assertion is somewhat to be doubted: for the old edition hath no name of *author* at all; and that of 1611, the initials only, *W. Sh.* in the title-page.

‡ Peele seems to have been taken into the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland about 1593, to whom he dedicates, in that year, "*The Honour of the Garter*, a poem gratulatorie—the *Firstling* consecrated to his noble name." —"He was esteemed," says Anthony Wood, "a most noted poet,

In the next place, unfortunately, there is neither such a character as a *Constable* in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream:* nor was the *three hundred pounds* legacy to a sister, but a daughter.

And to close the whole, it is not possible, according to Aubrey himself, that Shakspere could have been

poet, 1570; but when or where he died, I cannot tell, for *so it is*, and always *hath been*, that most POETS die *poor*, and consequently obscurely, and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves. *Claruit* 1599." *Ath. Oxon.* vol. I. p. 300.

We had lately in a periodical pamphlet, called, *The Theatrical Review*, a very *curious* letter under the name of George Peele, to one Master Henrie Marle; relative to a dispute between Shakspere and Alleyn, which was compromised by Ben Jonson.—"I never longed for thy companye more than last night; we were all verie merrie at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affyrme plesauntly to thy friende Will, that he had stolen hys speeche about the excellencie of acting in Hamlet hys tragedye, from conversaytions manifold, whych had passed between them, and opinions gyven by Alleyn touchyng that subjecte. Shakspere did not take this talk in good sorte: but Jonson did put an end to the stryfe wyth wittelie saying, thys affaire needeth no contentione: you stole it from Ned, no doubte: do not marvel: haue you not seene hym acte tymes oute of number?"—This is pretended to be printed from the original MS. dated 1600; which agrees well enough with Wood's *Claruit:* but unluckily, Peele was dead at least two years before. "As Anacreon died by the *pot*, says Meres, so George Peele by the *pox*." *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, p. 286.

some

some *years a School-Master in the country*: on which circumstance only the supposition of his learning is professedly founded. He was not surely *very* young, when he was employed to *kill calves*, and he commenced player about *eighteen!*—The truth is, that he left his father, for a wife, a year sooner; and had at least two children born at Stratford before he retired from thence to London. It is therefore sufficiently clear, that poor Anthony had too much reason for his character of Aubrey: we find it in his own account of his life, published by Hearne, which I would earnestly recommend to any hypochondriack:

"A pretender to antiquities, roving, magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crased: and being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with *folliries* and misinformations." p. 577.

FARMER.

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Written by Mr. ROWE.

It seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common incidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical inquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very clothes he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book; and

though

though the works of Mr. Shakspere may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakspere, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *genius* (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs), would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with, his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his

ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspere: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and, in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance, that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had, by a misfortune

common

common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost *, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse †. He was received into the company then in being, at first, in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of

* See, however, Note to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 244. REED.

† There is a stage tradition, that his first office in the theatre was that of prompter's attendant; whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. MALONE.

the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and, though I have inquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned, from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote*; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspere's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature had so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written

* The highest date of any I can yet find is *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1597, when the author was 33 years old; and *Richard the Second, and Third*, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.

be

be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland; and his eulogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter-end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased, to see a *genius* arise from amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

——— *A fair vestal, throned by the west.*

Midsummer Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in *The two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcastle* * ; some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem

* See the Epilogue to *Henry the Fourth*.

of

of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspere's, that, if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to; a bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age hath shewn to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspere luckily

cast

cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the publick. Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakspere; though at the same time, I believe, it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspere, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakspere had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject, at least as well written, by Shakspere.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

Amongst

Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened, that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspere, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakspere gave him these four verses:

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
*Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe**.

But

* The Rev. Francis Peck, in his *Memoirs of the Life and Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton*, 4to. 1740, p. 223. has introduced another epitaph imputed (on what authority is unknown) to Shakspere. It is on *Tom-a-Combe*, alias *Thin-beard*, brother to this *John*, who is mentioned by Mr. Rowe:

"Thin in beard, and thick in purse;
"Never man beloved worse;
"He went to the grave with many a curse:
"The devil and he had both one nurse."

STEEVENS.

Ten

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd——

In *The more the Merrier, containing Threescore and odde headlesse Epigrams, shot (like the Fooles bolts) amongst you, light where they will.* By H. P. Gent. &c. 1608, I find likewise the following couplet, which is almost the same as the two beginning lines of Shakspere's *Epitaph on John a Combe.*

Fæneratoris Epitaphium.

EPIGRAM 24.

" Ten in the hundred lies under this stone,
" And a hundred to ten to the Devil he's gone."

I take the same opportunity to avow my disbelief that Shakspere was the author of Mr. Combe's Epitaph, or that it was written by any other person at the request of that gentleman. If Betterton the player did really visit Warwickshire for the sake of collecting anecdotes relative to our author, perhaps he was too easily satisfied with such as fell in his way, without making any rigid search into their authenticity. It appears also from a following copy of this inscription, that it was not ascribed to Shakspere so early as two years after his death. Mr. Reed of Staple-Inn obligingly pointed it out to me in the *Remains*, &c. of Richard Braithwaite, 1618; and, as his edition of our epitaph varies in some measure from the later one published by Mr. Rowe, I shall not hesitate to transcribe it:

" Upon one *John Combe* of *Stratford* upon *Avon*, a notable Usurer, fastened upon a Tombe that he had caused to be built in his Life Time.

" Ten

stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He

" Ten in the hundred must lie in his grave,
" But a hundred to ten whether God will him have:
" Who then must be interr'd in this tombe?
" Oh (quoth the divell) my *John a Combe.*"

Here it may be observed that, strictly speaking, this is no jocular epitaph, but a malevolent prediction; and Braithwaite's copy is surely more to be depended on (being procured in or before the year 1618) than that delivered to Betterton or Rowe, almost a century afterwards. It has been already remarked, that two of the lines, said to have been produced on this occasion, were printed as an epigram in 1608, by H. P. Gent. and are likewise found in Cambden's *Remains*, 1614. I may add, that a usurer's solicitude to know what would be reported of him, when he was dead, is not a very probable circumstance; neither was Shakspere of a disposition to compose an invective, at once so bitter and uncharitable, during *a pleasant conversation among the common friends* of himself and a gentleman with whose family he lived in such friendship, that at his death he bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe as a legacy. A miser's monument indeed, constructed during his lifetime, might be regarded as a challenge to satire; and we cannot wonder that anonymous lampoons should have been affixed to the marble designed to convey the character of such a being to posterity.—I hope I may be excused for this attempt to vindicate Shakspere from the imputation of having poisoned the hour of confidence and festivity, by producing the severest of all censures on one

of

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north-side of the chancel, in the great church at

of his company. I am unwilling, in short, to think he could so wantonly and so publickly have expressed his doubts concerning the salvation of one of his fellow-creatures. STEEVENS.

So in Camden's *Remains*, 1614.

"Here lies ten in the hundred
"In the ground fast ramm'd,
"'Tis a hundred to ten
"But his soul is damn'd." MALONE.

Whether the epitaph on Combe was Shakspere's or not, it is not at present possible to determine; this however, which follows, is inserted, both because it hath been attributed to him, and also because Milton appears, from his epitaph on Shakspere, to have been no stranger to it.

Epitaph on the tomb of Sir Thomas Stanley, knt. second son of Edward Earl of Derby; which was remaining on the north-side of the chancel of the church of Tong, in the county of Salop, in 1663, when Sir William Dugdale made the last visitation of that county; and which Sir William, in a marginal note, says, was written by William Shakspere the late famous tragedian:

"Aske who lies here, but do not weepe;
"He is not dead, he doth but sleepe:
"This stony Register is for his Bones,
"His Fame is more perpetuall than these Stones;

at Stratford, where a monument, as engraved in the plate, is placed in the wall *. On his grave-stone underneath is,

Good friend; for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones †.

" And his own goodnesse, with himself being gone,
" Shall live when earthly monument is none.
" Not monumentall stone preserves our fame,
" Nor skye aspiring Piramids our name;
" The memory of him for whom this stands,
" Shall out-live marble and defacers' hands:
" When all to time's consumption shall be given,
" Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in Heaven."

From C. 35. fol. 20. in the College of Arms.

F. TOWNSEND.

* He died on his birth-day, April 23, 1616, and had exactly completed his fifty-second year. MALONE.

† " And curst be he that moves my bones."

It is uncertain whether this epitaph was written by Shakspere himself, or by one of his friends after his death. The imprecation contained in this last line might have been suggested by an apprehension that our author's remains might share the same fate with those of the rest of his countrymen, and be added to the immense pile of human bones deposited in the charnel-house at Stratford. This, however, is mere conjecture; for similar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs. MALONE.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susanna, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married, first, to Thomas Nash, esq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington, but died likewise without issue*.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words:

"I remember the players have often mentioned it "as an honour to Shakspere, that in writing (what-"soever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My "answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* "which they thought a malevolent speech. I had "not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, "who chose that circumstance to commend their friend "by, wherein he most faulted: and to justify mine "own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour "his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. "He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free "nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and "gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that

* This, however, is a mistake, as will appear by the pedigree annexed to the list of baptisms, &c. REED.

"facility,

" facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should
" be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said
" of Haterius. His wit was in his own power:
" would the rule of it had been so too! Many times
" he fell into those things which could not escape
" laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar,
" one speaking to him,

" *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

" he replied,

" *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.*

" And such like, which were ridiculous. But he re-
" deemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever
" more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shakspere, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*, but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jonson. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal in it: but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models (or indeed translated them) in his epistle to Augustus:

——Naturâ sublimis & acer,
Nam spirat tragicum satis & feliciter audet!
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete collection upon Shakspere's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with.

with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady, Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he hath made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and, in short, every way vitious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongst other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he hath made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth Night*, there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious

in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedict and Beatrice, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and of Rosalind in *As you Like It*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining; and, I believe, Thersities in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces of ill-nature, and satirical snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy*, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakspere's. The tale, indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind

* In 1701 Lord Lansdowne produced his alteration of *The Merchant of Venice*, at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, under the title of *The Jew of Venice*, and expressly calls it a comedy. Shylock was performed by Mr. Dogget. REED.

of

of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but, taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you Like It*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

Difficile est propriè communia dicere,

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

—— *All the world's a stage,*
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,

Full

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; it is an image of patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

——She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument——
Smiling at grief.

What

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary! The style of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggrel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which

ought

ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained; shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation, which I have been informed three very great men * concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; *That Shakspere had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakspere. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of a Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakspere lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never

* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

been

been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge; but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatick poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the strength and mastery of Shakspere lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places; and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the

scene

scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the *drama, the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet,* he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems, indeed, so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard,* &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth,* than the picture Shakspere has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth,* which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him.

There

There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish the queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters

taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspere copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are, more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father; their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is, in the first part

of

of the Greek tragedy, something very moving in the grief of Electra; but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that princess and Orestes in the latter part. Orestes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear Clytemnestra crying out to Ægysthus for help, and to her son for mercy: while Electra, her daughter, and a princess (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency), stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakspere. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakspere has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the king is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakspere distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part; a man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspere's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular

obligation

obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakspere having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration *.

* This *Account of the Life of Shakspere* is printed from Mr. Rowe's second edition, in which it had been abridged and altered by himself after its appearance in 1709.

STEEVENS.

To the foregoing Accounts of SHAKSPERE'S LIFE, *I have only one Passage to add, which Mr.* POPE *related, as communicated to him by Mr.* ROWE.

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play *, and when

* Plays were at this time performed in the afternoon. "The pollicie of plaies is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censurers (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugne them. For whereas *the afternoone* being the idlest time of the day wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the court, the innes of the court, and a number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they devide (how vertuously it skills not) either in gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play, is it not better (since of four extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least, which is plaies?" Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595. STEEVENS.

Shakspere

Shakspere fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man, as he alighted, called for Will. Shakspere, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse, while Will. Shakspere could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspere, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakspere was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakspere's boy, Sir.* In time Shakspere found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakspere's boys* *. JOHNSON.

Mr.

* I cannot dismiss this anecdote, without observing that it seems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakspere quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reason to suppose that he had forfeited the protection of his father, who was engaged in a lucrative business, or the love of his wife who had already brought him two children, and was herself the daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is unlikely, therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his prosecutor, that he should conceal his plan of life, or place of residence from those who, if he found himself distressed, could not fail to

afford

Mr. Rowe has told us that he derived the principal anecdotes, in his account of Shakspere, from Betterton the player, whose zeal had induced him to visit Stratford, for the sake of procuring all possible intelligence

afford him such supplies as would have set him above the necessity of *holding horses* for subsistence. Mr. Malone has remarked, in his *Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakspere were written*, that he might have found an easy introduction to the stage; for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townsman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatick turn; or his own sagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the custom to ride on horseback to the play, I am likewise yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bank-side; and we are told, by the satirical pamphleteers of the time, that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement was by water; but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition. Some allusion to this usage (if it had existed) must, I think, have been discovered in the course of our researches after contemporary fashions. Let it be remembered too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. I. p. 130. "Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe," who (according to Dr. Johnson) related it

ligence concerning a poet to whose works he might justly think himself under the strongest obligations. Notwithstanding this assertion, in the manuscript papers of the late Mr. Oldys, it is said, that one Bowman (according to Chetwood, p. 144, "an actor more than half an age on the London theatres") was unwilling to allow that his associate and contemporary, Betterton, had ever undertaken such a journey. Be this matter as it will, the following particulars, which I shall give in the words of Oldys, are, for aught we know to the contrary, as well authenticated as any of the anecdotes delivered down to us by Rowe.

Mr. Oldys had covered several quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From these I have made the following extracts, which (however trivial) contain the only circumstances that wear the least appearance of novelty or information; the song excepted, which the reader will find in a note on the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

it to Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe (if this intelligence be authentick) seems to have concurred with me in opinion, as he forebore to introduce a circumstance so incredible into his life of Shakspere. As to the book which furnishes the anecdote, not the smallest part of it was the composition of Mr. Cibber, being entirely written by a Mr. Shiells, amanuensis to Dr. Johnson, when his dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's-Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the Booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purposely so prefixed, as to leave the reader in doubt whether himself or his father was the person designed. STEEVENS.

" If

" If tradition may be trusted, Shakspere often baited at the Crown inn or tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspere's pleasant company. Their son, young Will. Davenant (afterwards Sir William), was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspere, that, whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him, whither he was posting in that heat and hurry? He answered, to see his *god*-father Shakspere. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take *God*'s name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspere's monument, then newly erected in Westminster-Abbey; and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I answered, that I thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice fruits of observation he has presented us in his preface to the edition he had published of our poet's works. He replied—" There might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having

having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reason he omitted it *."

The same story, without the names of the persons, is printed among the jests of John Taylor, the Water Poet, in his works, folio, 1630, page 184, No. 39; and, with some variations, may be found in one of Hearne's pocket-books †.

"One

* "—— and this was the reason he omitted it."

Mr. Oldys might have added, that *he* was the person who suggested to Mr. Pope the singular course which he pursued in his edition of Shakspere. "Remember (says Oldys in a MS. note to his copy of Langbaine, article *Shakspere*) what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use, out of Cowley's preface." The observation here alluded to, I believe, is one made by Cowley in his preface, p. 52, edit. 1710. "This has been the case with "Shakspere, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others, part of "whose poems I should take the boldness to *prune and lop* "*away*, if the care of replanting them in print did belong "to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off "from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from "others the old withered branches."—Pope adopted this very unwarrantable idea; striking out from the text of his author whatever he did not like: and Cowley himself has suffered a sort of poetical punishment for having suggested it, the learned bishop of Lichfield having *pruned* and *lopped away* his beautiful luxuriances, as Pope, on Cowley's suggestion, did those of Shakspere. MALONE.

† Antony Wood is the first and original author of the anecdote, That Shakspere, in his journies from Warwick-

shire

" One of Shakspere's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *King Charles II.* would, in his younger days, come to London, to visit his brother *Will*,

shire to London, used to bait at the Crown-Inn on the west side of the corn-market in Oxford. He says, that Davenant the poet was born in that house in 1606. " His " father (he adds) John Davenant, was a sufficient vintner, " kept the tavern now known by the sign of the *Crown*, " and was mayor of the said city in 1621. His mother " was a very beautiful woman, of a good wit and conver- " sation, in which she was imitated by none of her chil- " dren but by this *William* [the poet]. The father, who " was a very grave and discreet citizen (yet an admirer " and lover of plays and play-makers, especially *Shakspere*, " who frequented his house in his journies between War- " wickshire and London), was of a melancholick dispo- " sition, and was seldom or never seen to laugh, in which " he was imitated by none of his children but by Robert " his eldest son, afterwards Fellow of St. John's College, " and a venerable Doctor of Divinity." *Wood Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 292. edit. 1692. I will not suppose that Shakspere could have been the father of a Doctor of Divinity who never laughed: but it was always a constant tradition in Oxford, that Shakspere was the father of Davenant the poet. And I have seen this circumstance expressly mentioned in some of Wood's papers. Wood was well qualified to know these particulars; for he was a townsman of Oxford, where he was born in 1632. Wood says, that Davenant went to school in Oxford. *Ubi supra.*

As

Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter-end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c. they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there

As to the *Crown-Inn*, it still remains as an inn, and is an old decayed house, but probably was once a principal inn in Oxford. It is directly in the road from Stratford to London. In a large upper room, which seems to have been a sort of *Hall* for entertaining a large company, or for accommodating (as was the custom) different parties at once, there was a bow window, with three pieces of excellent painted glass. About eight years ago, I remember visiting this room, and proposing to purchase of the landlord the painted glass, which would have been a curiosity, as coming from Shskspere's inn. But going thither soon after, I found it was removed; the inn-keeper having communicated my intended bargain to the owner of the house, who began to suspect that he was possessed of a curiosity too valuable to be parted with, or to remain in such a place: and I never could hear of it afterwards. If I remember right, the painted glass consisted of three armorial shields, beautifully stained. I have said so much on this subject, because I think that Shakspere's old hostelry at Oxford deserves no less respect than Chaucer's Tabarde in Southwark. T. WARTON.

was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them (*Charles Hart.* See Shakspere's Will), this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and, possibly, his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will*, in that station, was the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepid old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song." See the character of *Adam* in *As You Like It*. Act II. Sc. ult.

" Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakspere, occasioned by the motto to the Globe-Theatre.——*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

Jonson.

If, but *stage-actors*, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays ?

Shakspere.

Shakspere.

Little or much, of what we see, we do;
We're all both *actors* and *spectators* too.

Poetical Characteristicks, 8vo. MS. vol. I. some time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner."

"Old Mr. Bowman the player reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land, for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakspere's, in or near that town."

To these anecdotes I can only add the following: At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspere's poems, it is said, "That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspere; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person now living can testify."

Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note to his copy of Fuller's Worthies, observes, that "the story came from the

duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William D'Avenent.

It appears from *Roscius Anglicanus* (commonly called Downes the prompter's book), 1708, that Shakspere took the pains to instruct Joseph Taylor in the character of *Hamlet*, and John Lowine in that of *King Henry VIII.* STEEVENS.

Baptisms,

* *Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials of the* SHAKSPERE *Family; transcribed from the Register-Book of the Parish of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire.*

JONE †, daughter of John Shakspere, was baptized Sept. 15, 1558.

Margaret, daughter of John Shakspere, was buried April 30, 1563.

WILLIAM ‡, son of John Shakspere, was baptized April 26, 1564.

Gilbert, son of John Shakspere, was baptized Oct. 13, 1566.

Jone §, daughter of John Shakspere, was baptized April 15, 1569.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakspere, was baptized Sept. 28, 1571.

* With this extract from the register of Stratford, I was favoured by the Hon. James West, Esq. STEEVENS.

† She married the ancestor of the Harts of Stratford.

‡ Born April 23, 1564.

§ This seems to be a grand-daughter of the first John.

Richard, son of Mr. John Shakspere, was baptized March 11, 1573.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakspere, was buried April 4, 1579.

Edmund, son of Mr. John Shakspere, was baptized May 3, 1580.

Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Shakspere, of Hampton, was baptized Feb. 10, 1583.

Susanna, daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was baptized May 26, 1583.

Samuel * and Judith, son and daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, were baptized Feb. 2, 1584.

John Shakspere and Margery Roberts, were married Nov. 25, 1584.

Margery, wife of John Shakspere, was buried Oct. 29, 1587.

Ursula, daughter of John Shakspere, was baptized March 11, 1588.

Thomas Greene, alias Shakspere, was buried March 6, 1589.

Humphrey, son of John Shakspere, was baptized May 24, 1590.

Philip, son of John Shakspere, was baptized Sept. 21, 1591.

Samuel, son of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was buried August 11, 1596.

Mr. John Shakspere was buried Sept. 8, 1601.

* This Samuel, only son of the poet, died aged twelve.

John Hall *, gent. and Susanna Shakspere, were married June 5, 1607.

Mary Shakspere, widow, was buried Sept. 9, 1608.

Gilbert Shakspere, adolescens, was buried Feb. 3, 1611.

Richard Shakspere was buried Feb. 4, 1612.

* This gentleman was a physician: he married the poet's eldest daughter.

John Hall = Susanna, daughter and coheiress of William Shakspere.

Elizabeth Hall. = Thomas Nash, Esq.

A daughter. = Sir Reginald Forster, of Warwickshire.

Franklyn Miller. = Jane Forster.
of Hide-Hall, co. Hertford.

Nicholas Miller. = Mary.

Nicholas Franklyn Miller, of Hide-Hall, the only surviving branch of the family of Miller.

This descent appears from the old writings in the possession of that family. I am indebted for it to the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of the Works of Ben Jonson.

Thomas

Thomas Queeny and * Judith Shakspere †, were married Feb. 10, 1616.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE ‡, gentleman, was buried April 25, 1616.

Mrs. Shakspere § was buried Aug. 6, 1623.

* Judith was the poet's youngest daughter.

† As Shakspere the poet married his wife from Shottery, a village near Stratford, possibly he might become possessor of a remarkable *house* there, as part of her portion; and jointly with his wife convey it as part of their daughter Judith's portion to Thomas Queeny. It is certain that one Queeny, an elderly gentleman, sold it to —— Harvey, Esq. of Stockton, near Southam, Warwickshire, father of John Harvey Thursby, Esq. of Abington, near Northampton; and that the aforesaid Harvey sold it again to Samuel Tyler, Esq. whose sisters, as his heirs, now enjoy it.

‡ Died the 23d.

§ The poet's widow. She died at the age of sixty-seven.

MONUMENTAL

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS

IN THE QUIRE OF THE CHURCH OF *STRATFORD UPON AVON.*

HERE lyeth interred the body of ANNE, wife of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, who departed this life the 6th day of August 1623, being of the age of 67 years.

Ubera tu mater, tu lac vitamque dedisti
Ve mihi pro tanto munere Saxa dabo,
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angelus orem
Exuat ut Christi corpus imago tua,
Sed nil vota valent, venias citò Christi, resurget
Clausa jacet tumulo mater, et astra petit.

Here

Here lyeth the body of JOHN HALL, Gent. he marr. SUSANNA, daughter and coheir of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, Gent. he deceased November 25, anno 1635, aged 60 years.

Hallius hic situs est medica celeberrimus arte,
Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei.
Dignus erat meritis qui Nestora vinceret annis
In terris omnes, sed rapit æqua dies,
Ne tumulo quid desit adest fidissima conjux,
Et vita comitem nunc quoque mortis habet.

Here lyeth the body of SUSANNA, wife of JOHN HALL, Gent. the daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, Gent. She deceased the 2d day of July, anno 1649, aged 66.

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall.
Something of Shakspere was in that, but this
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.

Then, Passenger, ha'st ne're a teare,
To weepe with her that wept with all;
That wept, yet set her selfe to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.

Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou ha'st ne're a tear to shed.

Here

Here resteth the body of THOMAS NASHE, Esquier.
He mar: ELIZABETH, the daug: of JOHN HALL,
Gentleman: He dyed April 4, anno 1647, aged 53.

Fata manent omnes hunc non virtute carentem,
Ut neque divitijs abstulit atra dies.
Abstulit, at referet lux ultima, siste viator,
Si peritura paras, per mala parta peris.

On a mural monument in the north wall of the Chancel are the following inscriptions.

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus maret *, Olympus habet.

Stay, Passenger, why goest thou soe fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac't
Within this monument; Shakspere, with whome
Quick nature dyed, whose name doth deck the tombe
Far more than cost; sith all that he hath writ,
Leaues living art but page to serue his witt.

Obijt Anno Domini 1616,
Æt. 43, dáe 23 Apri.

* *Maret* on the monument should unquestionably have been *mæret*.

Extracts from the Rev. Mr. GRANGER's *Biographical History of England.*

The PORTRAITS of SHAKSPERE.

Vol. I. p. 259. 8vo. Edition.

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, *ad orig. tab. penes D. Harley; Vertue sc.* 1721. *4to* *."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, &c. *Vertue sc.* 1719. *Done from the original, now in the possession of Robert Keck of the Inner Temple, Esq.* † *large h. sh.*"

"WILLIAM

* "The portrait palmed upon Mr. Pope (I use the words of the late Mr. Oldys in a MS. note to his edition of Langbaine) for an original of Shakspere, from which he had his fine plate engraven, is evidently a juvenile portrait of K. James I." I am no judge in these matters, but only deliver an opinion, which, if ill-grounded, may be easily overthrown. The portrait, to me, at least, has no traits of Shakspere. The following observations are from the printed work of Mr. Granger. STEEVENS.

† "It has been said that there never was an original portrait of Shakspere; but that Sir Thomas Clarges, after his

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE. *In the possession of John Nicoll, of Southgate, Esq. Houbraken sc.* 1747. *Illust. Heads.*"

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE; *Zoust. p. From a capital picture in the collection of T. Wright, painter in Covent-Garden. J. Simon f. h. sh. mezz.*"

"This was painted in the reign of Charles II."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, *W. Marshall, sc. Frontispiece to his poems,* 1640. 12*mo**." *under which are the following lines:*

"This

his death, caused a portrait to be drawn for him, from a person who nearly resembled him. Mr. Walpole informs me, that the only original picture of Shakspere is that which belonged to Mr. Keck, from whom it passed to Mr. Nicoll, whose only daughter married the marquis of Caernarvon. This agrees with what is said in the *Critical Review* for December 1770, in relation to the same portrait, which is there also said to have been "painted either by Richard Burbage, or John Taylor the player, the latter of whom left it by will to Sir William Davenant. After his death, Betterton the actor bought it; and when he died, Mr. Keck of the Temple gave forty guineas for it to Mrs. Barry the actress." Mr. Walpole adds, that Marshall's print is genuine too, and probably drawn from the life."

* The reader will find a faithful copy of his head prefixed to the will of Shakspere. There is a small head of Shakspere in an oval, before his *Rape of Lucrece*, repub-

" This shadowe is renowned Shakspere's, soule of th' age,
" The applause, delight, the wonder of the stage.
" Nature herself was proud of his designes,
" And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines;
" The learned will confess, his works are such,
" As neither man, nor muse, can prayse to much.
" For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
" Thy like, no age, shall ever paralell."

" WILLIAM SHAKSPERE; *Arlaud del. Duchange sc. 4to.*"

" WILLIAM SHAKSPERE; *J. Payne sc. He is represented with a laurel branch in his left hand.*"

" WILLIAM SHAKSPERE; *L. du Guernier sc.*"

" WILLIAM SHAKSPERE; *small; with several other heads, before Jacob's "Lives of the Dramatick Pocts," 1719. 8vo.*"

" WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, *with the heads of Jonson, &c. h. sh. mezz.*"

VOL. II. p. 6.

" WILLIAM SHAKSPERE. *Frontispiece to his plays,* Folio 1623, *Martin Droeshout, sc.*"

lished in 12mo. 1635, with the banishment of Tarquin, by John [the son of Philip] Quarles: but it is apparently copied from the first folio. STEEVENS.

"From this print, the head of Shakspere, prefixed to our present edition, is engraved; under the original of which are the following commendatory lines:

"This figure, that thou here see'st put,
"It was for gentle Shakspere cut;
"Wherein the graver had a strife
"With nature, to out-doo the life.
"O, could he but have drawn his wit
"As well in brasse, as he hath hit
"His face, the print would then surpasse
"All that was ever writ in brasse;
"But, since he cannot, reader, looke
"Not on his picture, but his booke."

BEN JONSON.

"This print gives us a truer representation of Shakspere, than several more pompous memorials of him, if the testimony of Ben Jonson may be credited, to whom he was personally known; unless we suppose that poet to have sacrificed his veracity to the turn of thought in his epigram (*annexed to it*), which is very improbable, as he might have been easily contradicted by several that must have remembered so celebrated a person. The author of a letter from Stratford upon Avon, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1759, Vol. XXIX. p. 257, informs us, that this head is as much like his monumental effigy as a print can be."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE; *R. Earlom f. large octavo, mezz. neat. Engraved for a new Edition of Shakspere's Works.*"

"This print is said to be from an original by Cornelius Jansen, in the collection of C. Jennens, Esq. but, as it is dated in 1610, before Jansen was in England, it is highly probable that it was not painted by him, at least, that he did not paint it as a portrait of Shakspere."

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE; *his monument at Stratford; under his bust is the following inscription,*

"Ingenio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
"Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet."

"Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
"Read, if thou canst, whom envious death has plac'd
"Within this monument; Shakspere, with whom
"Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
"Far more than cost; since all that he has writ
"Leaves living art but page to serve his wit."

Ob. Anno Domini 1616. *Æt.* 53.

"*Vertue sc. small h. sh.*"

"*His monument is also done in mezz. by Miller.*"

"WILLIAM SHAKSPERE; *his monument in Westminster-Abbey; two prints h. sh.*"

"In one of these prints, instead of *The cloud-capt towers, &c.* is the following inscription on a scroll, to which he points with his finger:

"Thus Britain lov'd me, and preserv'd my fame
"Pure from a Barber's or a Benson's name."

A. POPE.

"This

"This monument was erected in 1741, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martin. Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Rich * gave each of them a benefit towards it, from one of Shakspere's own plays. It was executed by Scheemaker, after a design of Kent †."

* At Drury-Lane was acted Julius Cæsar, 28th April 1738, when a Prologue, written by Benjamin Martyn, Esq. was spoken by Mr. Quin; and an Epilogue by James Noel, Esq. spoken by Mrs. Porter. Both these are printed in the General Dictionary. At Covent-Garden was acted Hamlet, 10th April 1739, when a Prologue, written by Mr. Theobald, and printed in the London Magazine of that year, was spoken by Mr. Ryan. In the Newspaper of the day it was observed, that this last representation was very far from being numerously attended. REED.

† "On the monument is inscribed—*Amor publicus posuit.* Dr. Mead objected to the word *amor*, as not occurring in old classical inscriptions; but Mr. Pope, and the other gentlemen concerned, insisting that it should stand, Dr. Mead yielded the point, saying,

Omnia vincit *amor*, et nos cedamus *amori.*

This anecdote was communicated by Mr. Lort, late Greek professor of Cambridge, who had it from Dr. Mead himself."

The following INSTRUMENT *is copied from the Original in the Herald's Office: It is marked* G. 13. *p.* 349.

[*There is also a* MANUSCRIPT *in the Herald's Office*, marked W.* 2. *p.* 276; *where Notice is taken of this Coat; and that the Person, to whom it was granted, had borne Magistracy at Stratford upon Avon.*]

To all and singuler noble and gentlemen of all estats and degrees, bearing arms, to whom these presents shall come, Willam Dethick, Garter Principall King of Arms of England, and Willam Camden, alias Clarencieulx King of Arms for the south, east, and west parts of this realme, sendethe greeting. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and

* It appears by other ancient MSS. in the Herald's Office, that John Shakspere was a Justice of the Peace, had been Bailiff and chief officer of the town of Stratford upon Avon, and possessed "lands and tenements of good wealth and substance, equal to 500l."

The family of Ardern, into which he had married, was one of the most ancient and respectable in the county of Warwick. F. T.

remembraunce

remembraunce of the valeant facts and verteous dispositions of worthie men have been made knowne and divulged by certeyne shields of arms and tokens of chevalrie; the grant and testemonie whereof apperteyneth unto us by vertu of our offices from the Quenes most Exc. Majestie, and her Highenes most noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore being solicited, and by credible report informed that JOHN SHAKSPERE, now of Stratford upon Avon, in the counte of Warwick, gent. whose parent, great grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithefull and approved service to the late most prudent prince, king Henry VII. of famous memore, was advaunced and rewarded with lands and tenements, geven to him in those parts of Warwickshere, where they have continewed by some descents in good reputacion and credit; and for that the said John Shakspere having maryed the daughter and one of the heyrs of Robert Arden, of Wellingcote in the said countie, and also produced this his auncient cote of arms, heretofore assigned to him whilest he was her Majesties officer and baylefe of that towne. In consideration of the premisses, and for the encouragement of his posterite, unto whom suche blazon of arms and achevements of inheritance from theyre said mother by the auncyent custome and lawes of arms, maye lawfully descend; We the said Garter and Clarencieulx have assigned, graunted, and by these presents exemplefied unto the said John Shakspere, and to his posterite, that shield and cote of arms, viz. *In a field of gould upon a bend sables,*

sables, a speare of the first, the poynt upward, hedded argent; and for his crest or cognizance, *A falcon with his wyngs displayd, standing on a wrethe of his coullers, supporting a speare armed hedded, or steeled sylver*, fyxed uppon a helmet with mantell and tassells, as more playnely maye appeare depected on this margent; and we have likewise uppon on other escucheon impaled the same with the auncyent arms of the said Arden * of Wellingcote, signifieng therby that it maye and shalbe lawfull for the said John Shakspere, gent. to beare and use the same shield of arms, single or impaled, as aforsaid, during his naturall lyffe; and that it shalbe lawfull for his children, yssue, and posteryte (lawfully begotten) to beare, use, and quarter, and show forth the same, with theyre dewe differences, in all lawfull warlyke facts and civile use or exercises, according to the lawes of arms, and custome that to gentlemen belongethe, without let or interuption of

* It is said by the modern editor of *Arden of Feversham* (first published in 1592, and republished in 1770) that Shakspere *descended by the female line* from the gentleman whose unfortunate end is the subject of this tragedy. But the assertion appears to want support, the true name of the person who was murdered at Feversham being *Ardern* and not *Arden*. *Ardern* might be called *Arden* in the play, for the sake of better sound, or might be corrupted in the chronicle of Hollingshed: yet it is unlikely that the true spelling should be overlooked among the Heralds, whose interest it is to recommend, by ostentatious accuracy, the trifles in which they deal. STEEVENS.

any

any person or persons, for use or bearing the same. In wyttnesse and testemonye wherof we have subscrebed our names, and fastened the seals of our offices, geven at the Office of Arms, London, the daye of in the xlii yere of the reigne of our most gratious Sovraigne Ladye Elizabeth, by the grace of God Quene of Ingland, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. 1559.

SHAKSPERE's

SHAKSPERE's WILL,

Extracted from the *Registry* of the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, & Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspere, of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory (God be praised), do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion, within one year after my

my decease, with considerations after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon, aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and, if she die within the said term, without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then

my

my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, land answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly value of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds a piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall, all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows John Heminge, Richard Burbage*, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for the better enabling of

* It appears from the registers in Doctors-Commons, that Burbage died in 1629. The wills of Heminge and Condell I could not meet with, though I sought for them as low as the year 1641. Several wills indeed I found with the names of J. Heminge and Henry Condell annexed, but they contain nothing characteristick of Shakspere's associates. STEEVENS.

her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bushaxton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Black-Friars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and, after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default

of

of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be, and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspere for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture *.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my

* It appears, in the original will of Shakspere (now in the Prerogative-Office, Doctor-Commons) that he had forgot his wife; the legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation, as well as those to Heminge, Burbage, and Condell.

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the two last of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakspere's own hand. The first indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spelling as well as manner from the two signatures that follow. The reader will find a fac-simile of all the three, as well as those of the witnesses, over-leaf. STEEVENS.

goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susanna, his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written, by me

William Shakspere.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamlet Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore Commissario, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616. *Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et Jurat Reservata potestate et Susannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. cui vendit, &c. petitur.*

THE

THE

DEDICATION of the PLAYERS.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

WILLIAM,

Earle of PEMBROKE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the King's Most Excellent Majestie;

AND

PHILIP,

Earle of MONTGOMERY, &c. Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-Chamber;

Both Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill-fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we value the places your H. H. sustaine, wee cannot but know the dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived our-

selves of the defence of our dedication. But since your L. L. have been pleased to thinke these trifles something, heeretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their authour living, with so much favour: we hope (that they out living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his patrones, or finde them: this hath done both. For, so much were you L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphanes, guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame; onely to keep the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our SHAKSPERE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruits, or what they have: and many nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approch their gods by what meanes they could:

and

and the most, though meanest of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant SHAKSPERE; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the fault ours, if any be committed, by a paire so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

COMMEN-

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

SHAKSPERE.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, and his Works.

SPECTATOR, this life's shadow is—to see
The truer image, and a livelier he.
Turn reader: but observe his comick vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick strain,
Then weep: so—when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise—
Say (who alone effect such wonders could),
Rare Shakspere to the life thou dost behold. B. J.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Skakspere, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;

'Tis

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage: but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance:
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need:
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakspere, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room *:
Thou art a monument, without a tomb;

And

* This and the next lines have reference to the following epitaph on Shakspere, written by *Dr. Donne*, and printed among his poems:

" Renowned *Spenser*, lie a thought more nigh †
" To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lie

† The Epitaph on Shakspere beginning,
" Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh "—
is subscribed, in an edition of his poems printed in 1640, with the letters W. B. which, I learn from the MS. notes of Mr. Oldys, were placed for William Basse. I have not found these verses in any edition of Dr. Donne's works.

MALONE.

" A little

And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
And tell—how far thou didst our Lilly * outshine,

" A little nearer *Spenser*, to make room
" For *Shakspere* in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
" To lie all four in one bed make a shift,
" Until doomsday; for hardly will a fifth
" Betwixt this day and that, by fates be slain,
" For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
" But if precedency in death doth bar
" A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
" Under this curled marble of thine own,
" Sleep, rare tragedian; *Shakspere*, sleep alone!
" Thy unmolested peace, in an unshar'd cave,
" Possess as lord, not tenant of thy grave;
" That, unto us, and others it may be
" Honour, hereafter to be laid by thee!"

STEEVENS.

* *Lilly* wrote nine plays during the reign of Q. Eliz. viz. *Alexander and Campaspe*, T. C. *Endymion*, C. Galatea, C. *Love his Metamorphosis*, Dram. Past. *Maid her Metamorphosis*, C. *Mother Bombie*, C. *Mydas*, C. *Sapho and Phao*, C. and *Woman in the Moon*, C. To the pedantry of this author, perhaps, we are indebted for the first attempt to polish and reform our language. See his *Euphues, and his England.*

STEEVENS.

Or

Or sporting Kyd *, or Marlow's mighty line †.
And, though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek—
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead;
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread

* —— or *sporting* Kyd.] It appears from Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, that *Thomas Kyd* was the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*. The late *Mrs. Hawkins* was of opinion that *Soliman and Perseda* was by the same hand. The only piece, however, which has descended to us, even with the initial letters of his name affixed to it, is *Pompey the Great his fair Cornelia's Tragedy*, which was first published in 1594. and, with some alteration in the title-page, again in 1595. This is no more than a translation from *Robert Garnier*, a French poet, who distinguished himself during the reigns of Charles IX. Henry III. and Henry IV. and died at Mans in 1602, in the 56th year of his age.

STEEVENS.

† —— or *Marlow's* mighty line.] *Marlow* was a performer as well as an author. His contemporary *Heywood* calls him *the best of poets*. He wrote six tragedies, viz. *Dr. Faustus's Tragical History*; *K. Edward II. Jew of Malta*; *Lust's Dominion*; *Massacre of Paris*; and *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts. He likewise joined with *Nash* in writing *Dido Queen of Carthage*, and had begun a translation of Musæus's *Hero and Leander*, which was finished by *Chapman*, and published in 1600. STEEVENS.

And

And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone—for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or, like a Mercury, to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspere, must enjoy a part:—
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are), and strike a second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it), that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou: Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race

Of Shakspere's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-toned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:—
Shine forth, thou star of poets! and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
like night,
And despairs day, but by thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON*.

Upon

* ——— *extinctus amabitur idem.*

This observation of *Horace* was never more completely verified than by the posthumous applause which *Ben Jonson* has bestowed on *Shakspere*:

——— the gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*:—marry, *he was dead.*

Let us now compare the present eulogium of old *Ben* with such of his other sentiments as have reached posterity.

In 1748, when the *Lover's Melancholy*, by *Ford* (a friend and contemporary of Shakspere), was revived for a benefit, the following letter appeared in the *General*, now the *Public, Advertiser*, April 23:

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenick Poet,
Master WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Those hands, which you so clapt, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakspere's days;
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which

'— It is hoped that the following *gleaning of theatrical history* will readily obtain a place in your paper. It is taken from a pamphlet written in the reign of Charles I. with this quaint title, "Old *Ben's Light Heart* made heavy by Young *John's Melancholy Lover*;" and, as it contains some historical anecdotes and altercations concerning *Ben Jonson*, *Ford*, *Shakspere*, and the *Lover's Melancholy*, it is imagined that a few extracts from it at this juncture will not be unentertaining to the public.

'Those who have any knowledge of the theatre in the reigns of *James* and *Charles* the First, must know, that *Ben Jonson*, from great critical language, *which was then the portion of but very few*, his merit as a poet, and his constant association with men of letters, did, for a considerable time, *give laws to the stage.*

'*Ben* was by nature *splenetic and sour*; with a share of envy (for every anxious genius has some), more than was warrantable in society. By education rather *critically* than *politely* learned; which swell'd his mind into an ostentatious pride *of his own works*, and an overbearing *inexorable* judgment of his *contemporaries.*

'This

Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That

'This raised him many enemies, who, towards the close of his life, endeavoured to dethrone *this tyrant*, as the pamphlet stiles him, out of the dominion of the theatre. And what greatly contributed to their design, was the *slights* and *malignances* which the *rigid Ben* too frequently threw out against the *lowly Shakspere*, whose fame since his death, as appears by the pamphlet, was grown too great for *Ben's envy* either to *bear* with or *wound*.

'It would greatly exceed the limits of your paper to set down all the *contempts* and *invectives* which were uttered and written by *Ben*, and are collected and produced in *this pamphlet*, as unanswerable and shaming evidences to prove his *ill-nature* and *ingratitude* to *Shakspere*, who first introduced him to the *theatre and fame*.

'But, though the whole of these invectives cannot be set down at present, some few of the heads may not be disagreeable, which are as follow:

"That the man had *imagination* and *wit* none could deny, but that they were *ever* guided by *true judgment* in the *rules* and *conduct* of a piece, none could with justice assert, *both* being ever servile to raise the *laughter of fools* and the *wonder of the ignorant*. That he was a good poet only *in part*—being ignorant of *all dramatick laws*—had *little* Latin—*less* Greek—and speaking of plays, &c.

" To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
" Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,

That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.

If

" Past threescore years: or, with three rusty swords,
" And help of some few *foot and half-foot* words,
" Fight, over *York* and *Lancaster*'s long jars,
" And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
" He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
" One such to-day, as *other plays should be*;
" Where neither *chorus* wafts you o'er the seas, &c."

'Thus, and such like behaviour, brought *Ben* at last from being the *lawgiver* of the theatre to be the *ridicule* of it, being *personally* introduced there in several pieces, to the *satisfaction* of the public, who are ever fond of encouraging *personal* ridicule, when the follies and vices of the object are supposed to deserve it.

'But what wounded his pride and fame most sensibly, was the preference which the public, and most of his contemporary wits, gave to *Ford*'s LOVER'S MELANCHOLY, before his NEW INN or LIGHT HEART. They were both brought on in the *same week* and on the same stage; where *Ben's was damn'd*, and *Ford*'s received with *uncommon applause*: and what made this circumstance still more galling was, that *Ford* was at the head of the partisans who supported *Shakspere's fame* against *Ben Jonson's invectives.*

'This so incensed old *Ben*, that, as an everlasting stigma upon his audience, he prefixed this title to his play—— " The *New Inn* or *Light Heart.* A comedy, as it was *never acted*, but most negligently play'd by some, the *King's idle servants*; and more squeamishly beheld and censured by

others,

If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where

others, the *King's foolish subjects.*" This title is followed by an abusive preface upon the audience and reader.

'Immediately upon this, he wrote his memorable ode against the public, beginning

"Come, leave the loathed stage,
"And the more loathsome age, &c."

The revenge he took against *Ford*, was to write an epigram on him as a plagiary,

"*Playwright*, by chance, hearing *toys I had writ*,
"Cry'd to my face—they were th' elixir of wit.
"And I must now believe him, for to-day
"Five of my *jests*, then stoln, pass'd him a play."

Alluding to a character in the *Ladies Trial*, which *Ben* says *Ford* stole from him.

'The *next* charge against *Ford* was, that the *Lover's Melancholy* was not his own, but *purloined from Shakspere's papers* by the connivance of *Heminge and Condell*, who, *in conjunction with Ford*, had the revisal of them.'

'The malice of this charge is gravely refuted, and afterwards laughed at in many verses and epigrams, the best of which are those that follow, with which I shall close this theatrical extract;

"To my worthy friend, *John Ford*.

"'Tis said, from Shakspere's mine, your play you drew,
"What need?—when Shakspere still survives in you:

Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publick tyring-house) the Nuntius is:
For,

" But grant it were from his vast treasury reft,
" That *plund'rer Ben* ne'er made *so rich a theft.*"

Thomas May.

Upon *Ben Jonson*, and his Zany, *Tom Randolph.*

" Quoth *Ben* to *Tom*, the *Lover*'s stole,
" 'Tis *Shakspere*'s every word;
" Indeed, says *Tom*, upon the whole,
" 'Tis much too good for *Ford.*

" Thus *Ben* and *Tom* the *dead* still praise,
" The *living* to decry;
" For none must dare to wear the bays,
" Till *Ben* and *Tom* both die.

" Even *Avon's swan* could not escape
" These letter-tyrant elves;
" They on his fame contriv'd a rape,
" To raise their pedant selves.

" But after-times, with full consent,
" This truth will all acknowledge—
" *Shakspere* and *Ford* from heaven were sent,
" *But Ben and Tom from college.*

Endymion Porter."

Mr. Macklin the comedian was the author of this letter; but the pamphlet which furnished his materials was lost in its passage from Ireland.

The

For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND *.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Shakspere, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still, this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakspere's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy herse.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age—as Naso said
Of his—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:

The following stanza, from a copy of verses by Shirley, prefixed to Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633, alludes to the same dispute, and is apparently addressed to Ben Jonson.

"Look here *thou* that hast *malice* to the stage,
"And *impudence* enough for the whole age;
"*Voluminously ignorant!* be vext
"To read this tragedy, and thy owne be next."

STEEVENS.

* See Wood's Athenæ Oxon. edit. 1721, vol. i. p. 583.

Nor

Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though mist, until our bankrout stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain to out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake:
Till these, till any of thy volumes rest,
Shall with more fire more feeling be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakspere, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES *.

To the Memory of Master WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

We wonder'd, Shakspere, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tyring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause: an actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part;
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. J. M †.

* See Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. i. p. 599, and 600, edit. 1721. His translation of Claudian's Rape of Proserpine was entered on the Stationers' books, Oct. 4, 1617.

† Perhaps John Marston.

On

On worthy Master SHAKSPERE, and his Poems.

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To out-run hasty Time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second-hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shews: To give a stage—
Ample, and true with life—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd;
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both smile and weep; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleased in that ruth

At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his raving for our sport:
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves:—
This—and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast—
Was Shakspere's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand,
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another;—
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother;—
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;

And

And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair,
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent—death may destroy,
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakspere shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambrosial meat,
In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat:
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For Time shall never stain, nor Envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,

J. M. S.

Upon Master WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, *the deceased Authour, and his Poems.*

Poets are born, not made. When I would prove
This truth, the glad remembrance I must love
Of never-dying Shakspere, who alone
Is argument enough to make that one.

First,

First, that he was a poet, none would doubt
That heard the applause of what he sees set out
Imprinted; where thou hast (I will not say,
Reader, his *works*, for, to contrive a play,
To him 'twas none), the pattern of all wit,
Art without art, unparallel'd as yet.
Next Nature only help'd him, for look thorough
This whole book *, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages translate;
Nor plagiary-like from others gleane,
Nor begs he from each witty friend a scene
To piece his acts with: all that he doth write
Is pure his own; plot, language, exquisite.
But O what praise more powerful can we give
The dead, than that, by him, the *king's-men* live,
His players, which should they but have shar'd his fate
(All else expir'd within the short term's date),
How could *The Globe* have prosper'd, since through want
Of change, the plays and poems had grown scant.
But, happy verse, thou shalt be sung and hear'd
When hungry quills shall be such honour barr'd.
Then vanish, upstart writers to each stage,
You needy poetasters of this age!

* From this and the following lines it appears that these verses were intended to be prefixed to the folio edition of our author's plays. MALONE.

Where

Where Shakspere liv'd or spake, Vermin forbear,
Lest with your froth ye spot them, come not near.
But if you needs must write, if poverty
So pinch, that otherwise you starve and die;
On God's name may the *Bull* or *Cockpit* have
Your lame blank verse, to keep you from the grave;
Or let new *Fortune*'s * younger brethren see,
What they can pick from your lean industry.
I do not wonder when you offer at
Black-Friars, that you suffer: 'tis the fate
Of richer veins; prime judgments, that have far'd
The worse, with this deceased man compar'd.
So have I seen, when *Cæsar* would appear,
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and *Cassius*, O how the audience
Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!
When, some new day, they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well labour'd, *Catiline*;
Sejanus too was irksome; they priz'd more
"Honest" *Iago*, or the jealous *Moor*.
And, though the *Fox* and subtile *Alchymist*,
Long intermitted, could not quite be mist,
Though these have sham'd all th' ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,

* This, I believe, alludes to some of the company of *The Fortune* playhouse, who removed to *The Red Bull*. See a prologue on the removing of the late *Fortune* players to *The Bull*. Tateham's *Fancies Theatre*, 1640. MALONE.

Yet these, sometimes, even at a friend's desire
Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,
And door-keepers: when, let but *Falstaff* come,
Hal, *Poins*, the rest—you scarce shall have a room,
All is so pester'd: Let but *Beatrice*
And *Benedict* be seen, lo! in a trice
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
To hear *Malvolio*, that cross-gartered gull.
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look:
Like old-coin'd gold, whose lines, in ev'ry page,
Shall pass true current to succeeding age.
But why do I dead *Shakspere*'s praise recite?
Some second *Shakspere* must of *Shakspere* write;
For me, 'tis needless; since an host of men
Will pay, to clap his praise, to save my pen*.

LEON. DIGGES.

An Elegy on the Death of that famous Writer and Actor,
Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

I dare not do thy memory that wrong,
Unto our larger griefs to give a tongue.

* These verses are prefixed to an edition of Shakspere's poems, 12mo. 1640. MALONE.

I'll only sigh in earnest, and let fall
My solemn tears at thy great funeral.
For ev'ry eye that rains a show'r for thee,
Laments thy loss in a sad elegy.
Nor is it fit each humble Muse should have
Thy worth his subject, now thou'rt laid in grave.
No, it's a flight beyond the pitch of those,
Whose worthless pamphlets are not sense in prose.
Let learned *Jonson* sing a dirge for thee,
And fill our orb with mournful harmony:
But we need no remembrancer; thy fame
Shall still accompany thy honour'd name
To all posterity; and make us be
Sensible of what we lost, in losing thee:
Being the age's wonder; whose smooth rhymes
Did more reform than lash the looser times.
Nature herself did her ownself admire,
As oft as thou wert pleased to attire
Her in her native lustre; and confess,
Thy dressing was her chiefest comeliness.
How can we then forget thee, when the age
Her chiefest tutor, and the widow'd stage
Her only favourite, in thee, hath lost,
And Nature's self, what she did brag of most?
Sleep then, rich soul of numbers! whilst poor we
Enjoy the profits of thy legacy;
And think it happiness enough, we have
So much of thee redeemed from the grave,

As may suffice t' enlighten future times
With the bright lustre of thy matchless rhymes *.

In Memory of our famous SHAKSPERE.

Sacred Spirit, whiles thy lyre
Echoed o'er th' Arcadian plains,
Even Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wondered at thy strains:

Plautus sigh'd, Sophocles wept
Tears of anger for to hear,
After they so long had slept,
So bright a genius should appear;

Who wrote his lines with a sun-beam,
More durable than time or fate:—
Others boldly do blaspheme,
Like those that seem to preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly priest elect,
Chosen darling of the Nine,
Such a trophy to erect
By thy wit and skill divine,

That were all their other glories
(Thine excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable stories
Their garments ever shall be gay.

* These anonymous verses are likewise prefixed to Shakspere's Poems, 1640. MALONE.

Where

Where thy honour'd bones do lie
(As Statius once to Maro's urn),
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

S. SHEPPARD *.

In remembrance of Master WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

ODE.

I.

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flow'r,
As it ne'er knew a sun or show'r,
Hangs there the pensive head.

II.

Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
Unwilling now to grow,
Looks like the plume a captain wears
Whose rifled *falls* are steep'd i'the tears
Which from his last rage flow.

* This author published a small volume of *Epigrams* in 1651, among which this poem, in memory of Shakspere, is found. MALONE.

III.

The piteous river wept itself away
Long since, alas! to such a swift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can spy,
And, for a river, your mock'd eye
Will find a shallow brook.

WILLIAM DAVENANT.

In such an age immortal Shakspere wrote,
By no quaint rules nor hamp'ring criticks taught;
With rough majestick force he mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.

ROWE'S *Prologue to Jane Shore.*

Upon SHAKSPERE's MONUMENT *at Stratford upon Avon.*

Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame;
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wondrous worth; what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd the immense expansion of his mind.

Nor

Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain;
The British Eagle *, and the Mantuan Swan,
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou
With incontested laurels deck thy brow;
Thy bard was thine *unschool'd*, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught;
Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won,
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspere none.

T. SEWARD.

Part of SHIRLEY's *Prologue to* The Sisters.

And if you leave us too, we cannot thrive,
I'll promise neither play nor poet live
'Till ye come back; think what you do, you see
What audience we have, what company
To Shakspere comes, whose mirth did once beguile
Dull hours, and, buskin'd, made even sorrow smile:
So lovely were the wounds, that men would say
They could endure the bleeding a whole day.

Extract from MICHAEL DRAYTON's "Elegy to Henry Reynolds, Esq. of Poets and Poesy."

Shakspere, thou hadst as smooth a comick vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain
As strong conception, and as clear a rage
As any one that traffick'd with the stage.

* Milton,

England's

England's Mourning Garment, &c. 1603.

Nor doth the silver-tongued *Melicert*
Drop from his honied Muse one sable teare,
To mourn her death that graced his desert,
And to his laies open'd her royal eare.
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her *Rape*, done by that *Tarquin*, Death.

A Remembrance of some English Poets at the end of a Collection of Poems, entitled, Lady Pecunia, *or the* Praise of Money. *Caret titulo.*

" And Shakspere, thou whose honey-flowing vaine
" (Pleasing the world) thy praises doth containe,
" Whose Venus and whose Lucrece (sweet and chast)
" Thy name in fame's immortal book have plac't.
" Live ever you, at least in fame live ever:
" Well may the body die, but fame die never."

The author of this Poem praises Spenser for his Fairy Queen, Daniel for his Rosamond and White Rose and Red, and Drayton for his Tragedies and Epistles. These, therefore, must all have been written at a time when Shakspere had produced only his Venus and Lucrece.

To Master W. SHAKSPERE.

Shak'spere, that nimble Mercury thy braine
Lulls many hundred Argus-eyes asleepe,
So fit for all thou fashionest thy vaine,
At th' horse-foot fountaine thou hast drunk full deepe.
Vertue's or vice's theme to thee all one is;
Who loves chaste life, there's *Lucrece* for a teacher:
Who list read lust, there's *Venus and Adonis*,
The modell of a most lascivious leacher.
Besides, in plaies thy wit winds like Meander,
When needy new composers borrow more
Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander:
But to praise thee aright, I want thy store.
Then let thine owne works thine owne worth upraise,
And help t'adorne thee with deserved baies.

Epigram 92, in an ancient collection, entitled *Run and a great Cast*, 4to. by Tho. Freeman, 1614.

An Epitaph on the admirable dramatick Poet, WILLIAM SHAPSPERE.

What needs my Shakspere for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

Dear

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

See, my lov'd Britons, see your Shakspere rise,
An awful ghost, confess'd to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage:
And if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more:
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain rich without supply.

DRYDEN's *Prologue to his Alteration of Troilus and Cressida.*

Shakspere,

Shakspere, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art:
He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept, and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops that fell from Shakspere's pen.

DRYDEN's *Prologue to his Alteration of the Tempest.*

Our Shakspere wrote too in an age as blest,
The happiest poet of his time, and best;
A gracious prince's favour chear'd his muse,
A constant favour he ne'er fear'd to lose:
Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.

OTWAY's *Prologue to Caius Marius.*

Shakspere, whose genius to itself a law.
Could men in every height of nature draw.

ROWE's *Prologue to the Ambitious Stepmother.*

Shakspere (whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)

For,

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight,

POPE's *Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus.*

Shakspere, the genius of our isle, whose mind
(The universal mirror of mankind)
Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
But sometimes stoop'd to please a barb'rous age.
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low.
He, like the god of day, was always bright;
But rolling in its course, his orb of light
Was sully'd and obscur'd, tho' soaring high,
With spots contracted from the nether sky.
But whither is th' advent'rous Muse betray'd?
Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!
May Spring, with purple flow'rs, perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee!

FENTON's *Epistle to Southerne*, 1711.

An Inscription for a Monument of SHAKSPERE.

O youths and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait

In

In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of sport and pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause;
Approach! behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while you stand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakspere's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every passion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

AKENSIDE.

From the same Autho r's Pleasures of Imagination, *Book III.*

——— when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the general uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspere looks abroad

From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war.——

——For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen,
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspere thine and nature's boast?

THOMSON'S *Summer.*

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspere rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Prologue at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre in 1747.
By Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

What are the lays of artful Addison,
Coldly correct, to Shakspere's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe
To a close cavern (still the shepherds shew
The sacred place, whence with religious awe

They

They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whisp'ring of sweet musick thro' the air).
Here, as with honey gathered from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft sooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

The Enthusiast, or *The Lover of Nature*, a Poem, by the Rev. JOSEPH WARTON.

From the Rev. THOMAS WARTON'S *Address to the Queen on her Marriage.*

Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspere drew:
But, chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artist's tragick pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.

Monody, *written near Stratford upon Avon.*

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the Bard Divine,

Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd isles enclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows,
Above th' embowering shade;
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magick wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of leaders, and of kings,
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantick mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

By the Same.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

This

This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetick tears.

GRAY's *Ode on the Progress of Poesy**.

Next Shakspere sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magick rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:
Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad, or good, obey his dread command;
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrors of his magick wand,
The which not all their powers united might withstand.

LLOYD's *Progress of Envy*, 1751.

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
Could look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourse to Grecian art?

* Of all the many encomiums passed on our great dramatick poet, the most truly poetical one, seems to be contained in the third strophe of Mr. Gray's admirable Ode on the PROGRESS OF POESY, particularly in the fine Prosopopeia and Speech of NATURE to him. Dr. J. WARTON.

He

He scorn'd the rules of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and translation;
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakspere——

LLOYD's *Shakspere*, a Poem.

In the first seat, in robes of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspere.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd a master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing nature's bounds, was something more.

CHURCHILL's *Rosciad*.

END OF PROLEGOMENA.

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